

# STRANGE'S CASE, STRANGELY ALTERED.



Or, a HUE and CRY after a *Strange* old *Torkish Tike* full of Black and Blue, Red and Yellow Spots, of a Motley, Dun, Brindled, ill-livered Colour; neither *Mastiff* nor *Mungrel*, *Tumbler* or *Lurcher*, *Lap-Dog* nor *Setter*, *Bull-Dog* or *Bear-Dog*, *Wolf-Dog* or *Sheep-Biter*, but *all* of them: of a *Strange* Amphibious Nature, lives on Land or on Water, in Court or in Kennel, run away from his Master, about the 26<sup>th</sup> Instant, seen on Saturday last behind a Coach, between *Sam's Coffee-House*, and *Madam Cellier's*, whoever hath (or shall) take him up, have a special care of him (unless you know his ill qualities) for he has a thousand *Dog-Tricks*, (*viz.*) to Fetch for the *Papists*, Carry for the *Protestants*, Whine to the King, Dance to *Noll's Fiddle*, Fawn on the Courtier, Leap at their *Crusts*, wag his Tail at all *Bitches*, hunt Counter to the Plot, Tongue-Pad the Evidence, and Cringe to the *Crucifix*; but above all this, he has one damn'd old trick of slipping the Halter. If there be any that can give notice of this dangerous *Curr*, to the men in Authority (who have been several days in Grand Quest after him) or bring him (if he be not there already) to the Sign of the *Popes Demi-Culverin*, next Door to the *Masquerade Committee*, in the Street of *St. Lud*, or to the *Tantivie Abhorrrers*, at the *Levitical-Club-House* in *Mary-Alley*, so that he may be tyed up from his Meat, for the Good of the Publick; he will do his Country good Service, the *Protestants* Right, the *Law* Justice, the *King* a Kindness, undeceive the Church, and himself a mighty Favour in obtaining the Marks-Royal, of a Loyal true *Englishman*, a Right good Protestant, and a hearty Lover of his King and Country; all which shall be paid him down (on the Spot) for his honest Care and Pains.

*Str Roger L Strange*

## The Figures above may be thus Explained.

I.  
**W**AS ever Gallows better set,  
Where Hangman, Rope and Roger met?  
No Fault at all (save one)  
The *Curr* by chance the Noose did slip,  
By help of Devil and his Whip,  
Ill Luck as could have come.

II.  
Thus having 'scapt the Fatal Tree  
In devillish haste, away flies he  
For Scotland, France or Rome;  
No matter which (for all he strives)  
And needs must go, when Devil drives,  
Together with his *BROME*.

III.  
The *Curr* thus scar'd, is skulkt from Town,  
With Cross, and Beads, and Pen in's Crown,  
About his Neck the Rope,  
Was Fellow to the self same String  
In which *St. Coleman* late did swing  
Blest Relicks for the Pope.

IV.  
Behold, how *Strange* doth *Levite* look!  
Now *Champion* has the Cause forfook,  
They'll want their *Roger* Trusty  
To Bark against *Dissenters* loud,  
May please the *Knaves*, and cheat the Crowd,  
With Lyes grown stale and musty.

V.  
The Devil too's turn'd Cat i'th Pan,  
Now *Hodge* hath serv'd him all he can,  
What would the Devil have more?  
'Tis pretty sport to see his Sire  
Thus Lash his Haunches for his Hire,  
'Cause he the *Mafs* forswore.

VI.  
But Father Pope is wondrous kind  
Unto his *Ban-dog*, out of wind,  
See how the *Knave* does fawn,  
When *Towzer* (Rogue enough) has been,  
To merit from the Man of Sin  
As well as *Sleeves* of Lawn.

VII.  
Next take a view of *Mack's* sweet Face,  
To whom the *Tories* all give place,  
And hereby hangs a Tale.  
He buys a Traytors Service dear,  
Who runs, and hides his Head for fear,  
When's Plotting can't prevail.

VIII.  
Now, *Pluto*, is your time; put on,  
And take them all to *Acheron*,  
It is your due to have 'um,  
Secure them on *Stigian Shore*,  
That they may trouble us no more,  
And hang them up that save 'um.

*Amen.*